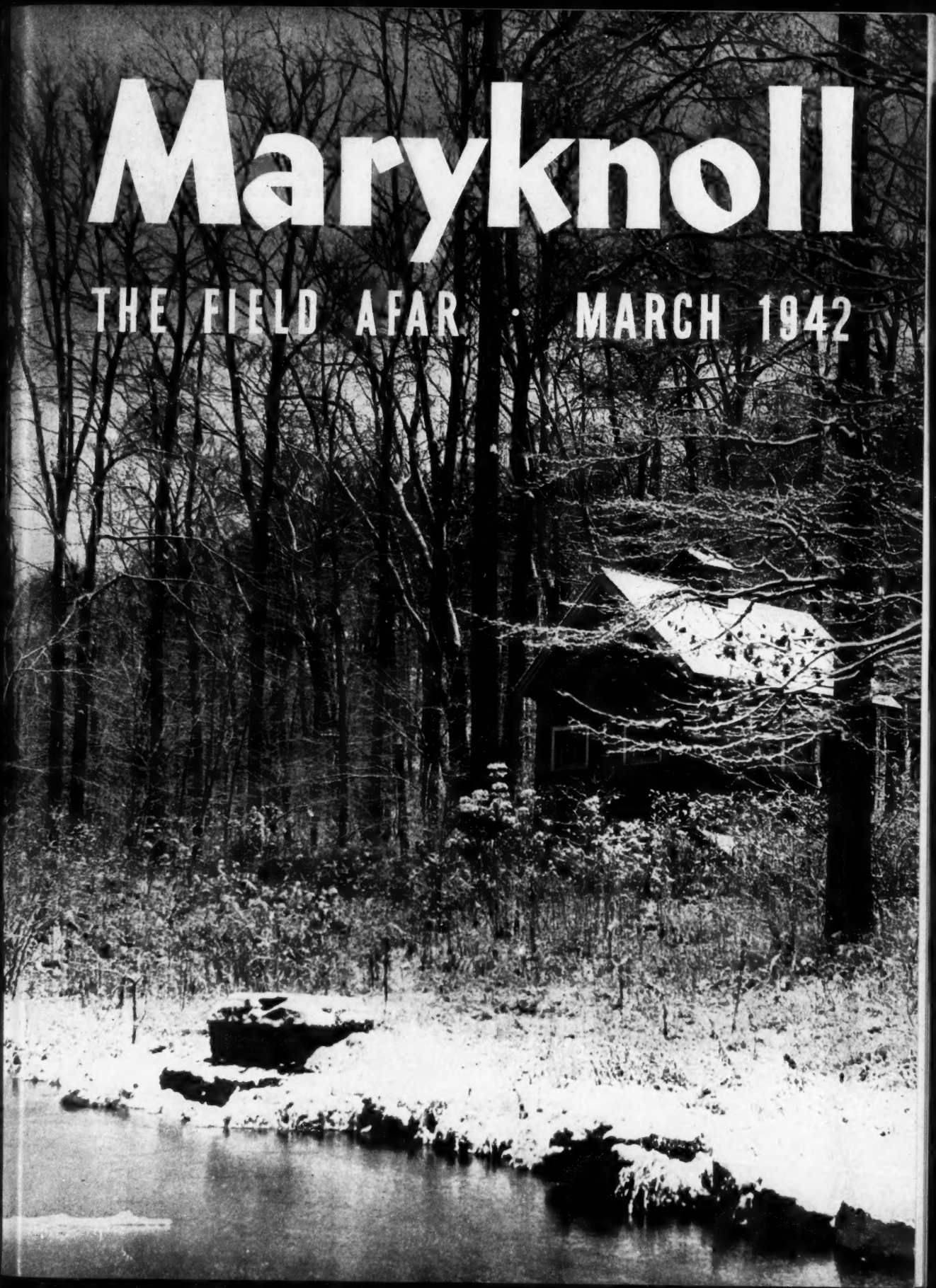


Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR • MARCH 1942





AN EXAMPLE I HAVE GIVEN

Christ, the King of Martyrs, has long been the example and inspiration to souls who would follow Him all the way. Andrew and Peter, Cecilia and Agnes, and from their time numberless martyrs of every nation 'neath the sun, have laid down their lives in loyalty to the suffering Church of Christ. Persecution has been the pabulum of the Church for nineteen hundred years. She thrives more vigorously under persecution than at other times. Pray that the present suffering of her members everywhere may continue through the King of Martyrs to a glorious resurrection.



MARYKNOLL is an American foundation for foreign missions • Central headquarters are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries for the training of missionaries are maintained in various sections of the country. • The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the hierarchy of the United States as the national society for foreign missions, and authorized by Pope Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. • In seven large areas of the Orient—in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea—Maryknollers are laboring among 25,000,000 non-Christian souls. • Our legal title is "Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated."

IN THIS ISSUE

Last-Minute News of the Mission-Knollers, 1; Writ in the Sands of Time, Baroness Catherine de Hueck, 2; One for the Books, Rev. Joseph E. Early, 9; Bolt From the Blue, F. X. Eastman, 10; The Miracle Man, Rev. Mark A. Churchill, 20; Boxer Martyrdom Bears Fruit, Sister Mary Fabiola, 24; Shall These Bones Live?, Most Rev. Adolph J. Paschang, 28; Made in Manila, Rev. J. Russell Hughes, 30.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$1 a year; \$5 for six years; \$50 for life. Address: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y. Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 21, 1921.

VOLUME XXXVI, NO. 3
MARCH, 1942

"Last-Minute News" of the Maryknollers in the Pacific Regions

The situation, as we knew it at the Maryknoll Center on February 10, was as follows:

SOUTH CHINA MAINLAND Maryknoll has 185 priests, Brothers, and Sisters at work in South China—apart from those in Hong Kong. A group of six of these—Bishop Paschang, three priests, and two Sisters—were safely conducted from the city of Kongmoon to the Portuguese colony of Macao. Father Robert Cairns has been taken into custody and his whereabouts is unknown. The remainder are at their posts. Radio communications with this group are open. A request for \$50,000 came from these missionaries recently, and our attempt to transmit a portion of this sum has been successful. Bishop Donaghy at Wuchow is at present acting for this contingent.

HONG KONG There were 41 priests, Brothers, and Sisters in Hong Kong shortly before the colony fell. Father Toomey at that time stated that all were accounted for. Shortly after the fall of the colony Father Tennien cabled that all Maryknoll priests and Sisters in the district were safe. An Associated Press dispatch during the conflict praised the Maryknoll Sisters for their Red Cross work.

JAPANESE EMPIRE (Japan, Korea, Manchukuo) No communication of any sort has been received from our 135 priests, Brothers, and Sisters in the Japanese Empire since the outbreak of hostilities on December 7. The Japanese Government has set up a bureau for relations with enemy aliens within the Empire, and there is the promise that communications regarding them will eventually be permitted. There have been public assurances by Japanese spokesmen that this is a war of states and not of individuals, and hence individuals will be treated with courtesy. Whether or not the missionaries have been able to remain in their residences, is not known. During World War I the German missionaries in Japan, then enemy aliens, were placed under the responsibility of French missionaries who, in those days, were allies of the Japanese.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS Maryknoll priests in the Philippines number five—two in Manila and three in Cebu. Maryknoll Sisters number 57. Shortly before the fall of Manila, the Sisters cabled: "All at posts. Reassure our families." Word from the priests was received Christmas Day. No message has come through since the fall of Manila.

HAWAII Seven Maryknoll priests in Hawaii and 84 Maryknoll Sisters, close to the events of December 7, have been active in defense work. Schools temporarily used for hospitalization, are now open on a part-time basis.

ON THE PACIFIC Three Maryknoll Sisters and two Maryknoll Fathers were on a President liner at sea and had a thrilling experience when the vessel followed for days a circuitous course to avoid capture. Eventually it reached Hawaii and took aboard a number of wounded; for assisting in the care of these wounded, the Sisters were warmly thanked by Navy officials.



WRIT IN THE SANDS OF *Time*

YES, today I know what it was all about. History and men will call it a revolution and that it was, too—a terrible, bloody, tragic revolution in distant Russia, when men went mad and, shaking their clenched fists against heaven, proclaimed *there was no God*. But to me, today, it is all so clear. Christ stooped to my utter smallness and unworthiness and wrote for me, on the sands of time, the ABC's of the spiritual life, knowing full well that I never could go beyond them—and that the D's and the E's were not for me. What if the letters were written

amidst the blood and thunder of guns, the uproar of nations gone mad? Friends, do not pity me, for it was then that God gave me His greatest gifts: pain, suffering, tears, blood, and sacrifice; in short, the *cross*.

It was all so long ago, yet it is as vivid before me as if it had happened yesterday. I was young then, and full of patriotic zeal. I enlisted as a Red-Cross nurse. There is nothing glamorous in that—scrubbing floors and doing all sorts of odd, menial jobs. But there was a shortage of nurses in Russia in the first World War, and that is how I found myself in the front lines. To youth life and war offer thrilling adventure, and two years passed as a day. Then came 1917, and the month of October. It was in our nurses' dining room that I first heard of Communists. Our chief surgeon came in one night, tears streaming down his cheeks, in his hands a telegram. "Holy Russia has ceased to exist!" he cried. "Our country is now in the hands of the Communists, who have proclaimed a government of soviets made up of peasants and workers, and an atheistic government it is. God have mercy on us all!"

The journey across the sands of time have brought many to ruin upon the beach of life. For the Baroness de Hueck, however, the sands contained a message that led her through the horrible massacres of Bolshevism to a missionary service among the negroes of New York City. The sufferings of the Church of Christ will never be in vain as long as noble souls of Madame de Hueck's calibre carry the burning cross from ruined churches to plant it anew over the world in loving hearts.

Two days later we knew what *that* meant. Orderlies, dishwashers, menials of the hospital, formed themselves into councils and ruled in terror. Every night we heard shots, and we knew that the terrorists were shooting the doctors or the officers. Often the latter would knock at a window of our rooms, and implore us nurses to give them false passes. We still had a supply of Red Cross letterheads, and with these we manufactured passes stating that "Private (the officers were disguised as such) John Doe is being sent to the village of —, on such-and-such an errand." Armed with these passes, the officers could, if they were lucky, pass the Communist sentinels and get to some village that had a railroad station, and thus escape. One morning an orderly, whom I had nursed through a bout of typhoid, came into my room with my cape over his arm. "Nurse," he whispered hoarsely, "here is your cape; here is the window. See that copse at the edge of the village? I have hidden there a horse for you. Run for your life! The hospital council are on my heels, coming to arrest you for those passes you gave the officers."

I did as I was told, thanked him, and was instantly on my way to another hospital forty miles distant. There other friends supplied me with a peasant dress, and thus disguised I reached the railroad station, thirty-five miles beyond. The journey to Petrograd, a distance I could ordinarily have made in thirty-six hours, took two weeks. Refugees were swarming the roads then, as they are today, and progress was slow. I finally reached home—tired, weary, dirty, but above all hungry—too hungry to

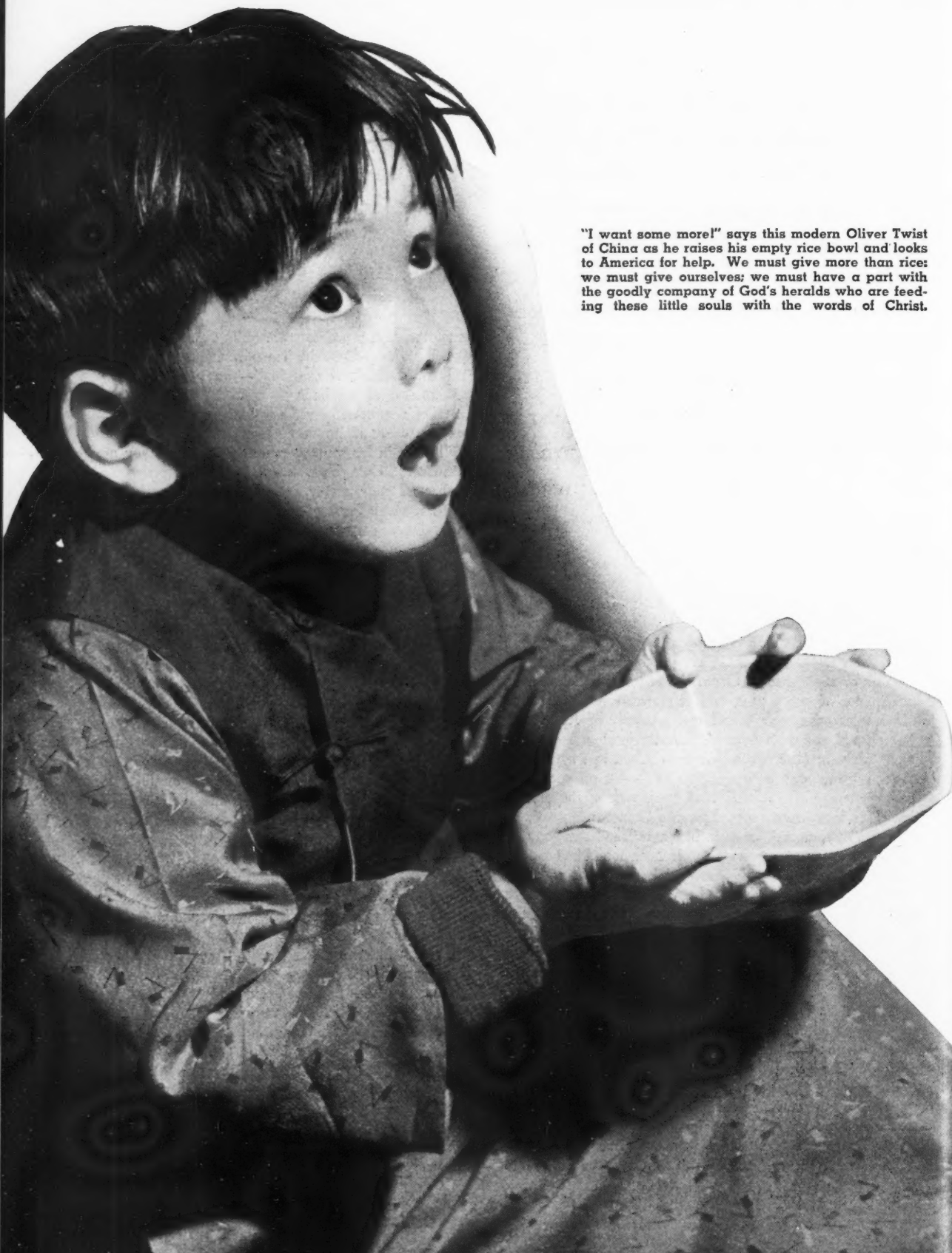


By CATHERINE DE HUECK

listen to what my people were telling me of the horrors they had suffered from the hands of the new government. All I could think of was food—*food!* I made out a check, dashed to the bank to cash it and buy me *food*. The teller was new. I did not know him. He took my check, looked at it, and then laughed as if all the devils of hell were in his soul. "Who do you think you are?" he shouted. "Don't you know, you bloated, bloody capitalists, that all your money, your bonds, stocks, real estate, your furs, jewels, have been socialized, nationalized, taken away? Do you know that I can take the very clothes off your back and shoot what is inside? Get out of here before I change my mind and have you arrested!"

Bewildered, frightened, I got out, still hungry. At home my eyes fell on a thousand-dollar, sterling-silver tea set. I grabbed that, and, heavy though it was, made my way to the street, where I had seen people of my class exchanging valuables for food. Five minutes later I did the same—a thousand dollars' worth of silver for *one herring and two potatoes!* Slowly, as the days dragged on, all my valuables went the way of the silver tea set. Then came a day when there was nothing more to exchange. And that was the day I started on my pilgrimage of garbage cans, for hunger is a hard taskmaster. From dawn to dark I wandered, looking into the garbage cans of the Communists, as they ate better than the rest of the people, on whom the shadow of absolute starvation was beginning to fall. Several times a day, if I was lucky, I came home with some potato peelings or a couple of dirty cabbage leaves. Then there was rejoicing, for one could boil these and stem the painful pangs of hunger for an hour or two. We, as well as many others, ate dogs, cats, mice, rats, until there was nothing more to be eaten.

I suppose we should eventually have died from hunger, if the Communists had not decided to hasten the process by a purge. The first member in my family to be taken was my brother. The Communists took him from his home, wife, and child at midnight one cold, frosty night, and shot him at two that same morning. When I went to ask for his body, the Red soldiers showed me to a huge courtyard, where hundreds of bodies were stacked up like cords of wood in Maine. Smilingly they pointed to them and said: "These are all your brothers and Sisters. Find your very own among them if (Continued on page 8)



"I want some more!" says this modern Oliver Twist of China as he raises his empty rice bowl and looks to America for help. We must give more than rice: we must give ourselves; we must have a part with the goodly company of God's heralds who are feeding these little souls with the words of Christ.

"Do You Just Talk, Lady?"

A WAR-TIME REFLECTION

SOUNDS good, lady," said a Negro boy in Harlem, after he had listened as a woman speaker told about the Church. "You say the Catholic Church believes that all men are brothers and God is our Father. I like that. But do you just talk, lady, or do you talk and do?"

Do you "just talk?" Mothers in Germany today are teaching their sons to take the oath of the Hitler Youth: "I swear to devote my energies, all my strength, to the savior of our country, Adolph Hitler. I am willing and ready to give up my life for him, so help me God. One people, one nation, one Fuehrer."

Mothers in Russia lift their fists in hate and send forth their sons to bear unnamable sufferings so that their foes may be crushed. They are like the Spartan mothers of old who cried, "Come back with your shield or on it!"

And we? Fathers, mothers, young people, we protest that we are not pagan fanatics. We insist that we live, not for conquest, not for mad leaders, not to serve in slavery, but in freedom, in an abundance of life, enjoying our wealth of spiritual possessions, our Church, our Catholic culture.

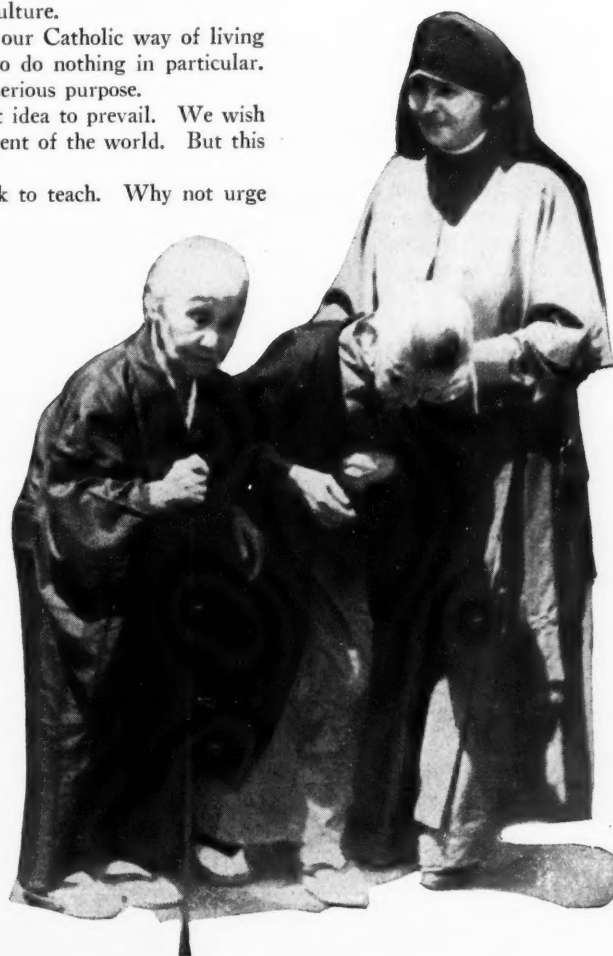
Are we "just talking?" We are, if—to advance our Catholic way of living over the earth—we are ready in these grave days to do nothing in particular. We are, if men may point in scorn to our lack of serious purpose.

We do not want the Nazi idea or the Communist idea to prevail. We wish the Catholic idea to stand victorious on every continent of the world. But this means struggle and sacrifice.

Fathers and mothers, God has given you the task to teach. Why not urge each of your sons and daughters to go out into the world to do good for God and man, to be Catholic apostles at home or overseas? You will not influence them "unfairly;" God will see to that. Ask God to take for His service your most precious possessions, your children.

And if you cannot give your children, let whatever of your means that can be spared, even at sacrifice, go to help other people's children advance the Church over the world. Maryknoll priests, Brothers, and Sisters—sons and daughters of America, the choice flowers of our parishes, of our neighbors' families—strive today to teach men by word and by charity that only Christ's love and brotherhood can give us a happy world.

In these grave days we have a particularly grave responsibility. We must not, we cannot, "just talk." We must have a part with the goodly company of God's heralds of good in this tortured world.



Maryknoll priests, Brothers, and Sisters—sons and daughters of America—strive today in Manila, Hong Kong, Japan, Korea, Manchukuo, China to teach by word and by charity that only Christ's love, and brotherhood with Him, can give us a happy world.



Maryknoll's Camp Venard

ALTHOUGH spring is not quite yet in the air, all at Camp Venard begin to look forward to its nineteenth season. During the past years we have had more than two thousand boys spend some part of the summer with us at camp, and from their letters we know that all of them have enjoyed it.

Camp Venard is located on the Maryknoll College grounds, about eight miles from Scranton, Pennsylvania. It is open to boys between the ages of ten and sixteen. Our eighteen years' experience has given us a good idea of what camping means to the average boy, and it is our constant aim to give each youthful camper a memorable summer in the open.

The real fun and enjoyment of overnight trips, sleeping in warm blankets under a canopy of stars in the great outdoors, moonlight hikes up the neighboring mountainsides, a week's canoe trip on the Susquehanna River, daily swimming in our own lake, canoeing, baseball, fishing, and the like—all under helpful counselor supervision—spell a splendid opportunity for American boys.

Camp Venard also gives careful attention to the spiritual development of the campers. There is the privilege of Mass each morning and the daily rosary—recited in small groups. The

number of Communions among our youthful charges is truly impressive—and is probably one of the most heartening parts of our work.

Early enrollment of your boy will ensure a place for him at Camp Venard for the coming season, which opens on Saturday, June 27, and closes on Saturday, August 22. A post card or note addressed to *Reverend Director, Camp Venard, Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania*, will bring you a neat little pamphlet which contains all information regarding this unusual camp for boys.



Mission WAY OF THE CROSS

An interesting method of following the Way of the Cross has just been prepared by the Maryknoll Bookshelf. The considerations on the redemption of all men, together with the prayers, have been prepared by a Maryknoll missionary. Each station is illustrated by an eminent Belgian missionary, Father Van Genechten, who presents the figures in a Chinese setting.

It may surprise some people to see Our Lord depicted as a Chinese, under custody of Chinese soldiers, but since God belongs to all nations and all times, it is only right that the artist should picture Him in a way that appeals to him most.

The consideration and prayer given for the Thirteenth Station is typical of the others in this new booklet:

Jesus is dead; before men, His humiliation is complete. He who is "One God and Father of all, who is above all and through all and in us all" has died a felon's death, and is removed, haggard and lifeless, from the Cross. Are we ever mindful of our duty to others than ourselves, our duty to Christ and to all mankind so closely bound to Him?

Let Us Pray

O Jesus, truly Thou art the King of Martyrs! Ever hast Thou inspired men with courage, with forgetfulness of self that Thou mayest be loved, and that souls may be served. May we count no sacrifice too great that makes Thee better known.

The Mission Way of the Cross sells for 10¢ a copy; \$5 a hundred. Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll, N. Y.



you can." *I could not.* Next my father died as a result of communistic persecution. All in all, twenty members of my family were "eliminated" either by purges or from hunger. The net was closing around us. Only my mother, myself, and two little brothers were left. We decided to flee.

Long before there was a Maginot Line, many of us had the Maginot Line complex. We thought there was safety in distance. Americans until very recently have had the same Maginot Line complex. They have thought the oceans saved them, but they forgot that ideas know no physical obstacles, that they cross oceans and continents. Many of these terrible, frightening, bad ideas are here already, and they will not be killed by bullets, nor will they die in concentration camps. The only way to kill an idea is by a better idea. Fellow Catholics of America, you who worry about fifth-column activities, have you ever stopped to think that we Catholics have the best ideas of all—capable of killing all the "isms" in the world? The dynamite of Christianity can out-dynamite the combined forces of communism, nazism, and fascism, if you and I have the courage to light the fuse. It can be lighted with two kinds of matches only—*love and self-sacrifice*—two ideals that in our comfortable, complacent way of life we have forgotten the meaning of. Let us try to remember—today we *must* or we shall perish—that we cannot go to heaven in a Ford V-8 with a radio attached. It cannot be done. Let us wake up before it is too late, and light that dynamite of Christianity to a full blaze! We need its light: the world needs its light—now more than ever.

To our estate we fled, many miles away from the city; but ideas travel faster than trains, and our tenants were already indoctrinated with communistic ideas when we arrived. So they arrested us then and there, as we got off the train. First they intended to shoot us on the village green, but changed their minds and took us back to the old homestead instead. There they carried away all the foodstuff, leaving only fuel and water—to prolong the agony, as they said. Then they posted a sentinel at the door to see that we stayed home, and left, condemning us to slow death by starvation.

Many nights later, sitting by the open fireplace with my mind sharp and clear as only hunger makes it, I looked at the face of Death and saw the face of Christ. Searching my soul for an answer to all that was happening around me, I suddenly realized that the fault was mine, too. Had I not done what so many Catholics in America are still doing—had I not taken shadows, and—like children in a kindergarten—made little

grotesque figurines out of them, and given these figures names: *Wealth, Power, Fame?*

Christ said we cannot serve God and Mammon, but we go on trying until we suddenly comprehend the words: "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity." Then, too, did I understand that it is sometimes easier to die for Christ than to live for Him. And how I longed to do just that, *then* when it seemed too late!

How I pray today that my beloved America may learn this lesson, at the tabernacles of its many churches instead of in the midst of the abomination of desolation of wars and revolutions. But it is al- (Continued on page 30)

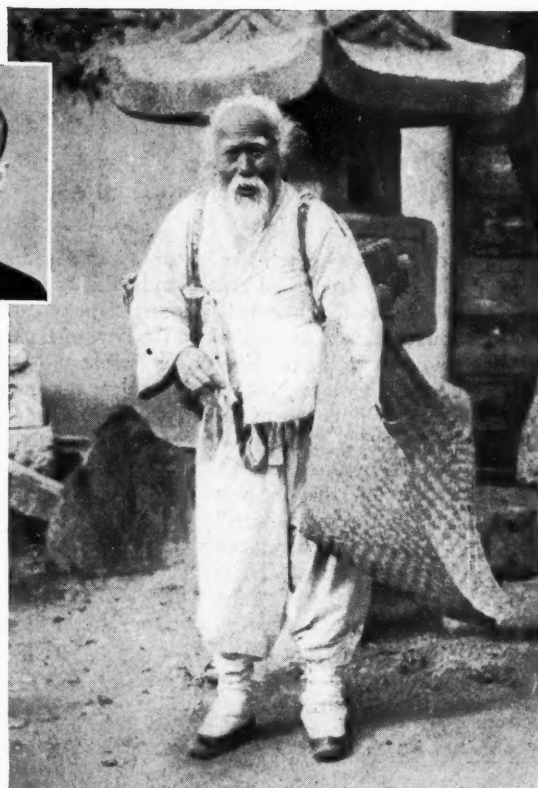
GRATEFUL TO CHINA In the picture below many of our readers will recognize Mr. Fred Snite in his iron lung. Beside the young man (whose face may be seen in the mirror) is his wife, reading aloud *China Through Catholic Eyes*. Some ten years ago, while making a trip around the world with his parents, Mr. Snite was stricken with paralysis just before his plane reached Peiping—the only city in China that could boast of an iron lung. The story of how it saved his life is history. The young couple, grateful to China, are interested in all that concerns her welfare, especially that of the Church.



By REV. JOSEPH E. EARLY

One

FOR THE BOOKS



The man for whom we made the trip was up and well.

IN comparing children, every mother is inclined to be partial to her own baby, be he ever so bowlegged. So, too, the average missionary, when comparisons are being made between Christians of different countries, is wont to be a bit biased in favor of his own native flock despite their defects. Nevertheless there is the rare occasion when every missionary is forced to admit, however reluctantly, that the Catholics of other nationalities have a point or two in their favor. At such a time he is compelled to repeat the equivalent of Christ's words concerning the Roman centurion, "I have not found so great a faith in Israel."

Not long ago I received a sick call from a distant station. One of our Manchukuoan Christians was dying and was begging for Extreme Unction. I packed up and got started as quickly as possible, as it was a two-day trip. Shortly after reaching the half-way mark, where we have a small chapel, I received a note asking me to go and visit a sick Korean. This seemed to be uncanny, as my arrival was unexpected and could hardly have been known to even our Manchukuoan Christians. While I was reading the note, the child who had delivered it managed to slip away. This made things a bit complicated, as the message gave only the general location of the place where the sick man lived, but nothing definite as to street or house number.

Upon arriving at that part of the town specified in the note, the catechist and I made inquiries. At first no one seemed to know of the person whom we were seeking. We walked on a little further, and finally met a Korean who directed us to the sick man. When the poor man saw me, he grabbed my hand as a dying man grabs at a straw and kept repeating: "*Ah, Sim pu nim; (Ah, Spiritual Father!)*"

Much to our surprise, he couldn't speak a word of Chinese, but my catechist found a Korean who was able to act as interpreter. With the help of the interpreter, we learned that the sick man had recently come from Korea and was living with his niece, the only other Catholic in the place. We also learned that he had one nephew a priest.

The pagan interpreter did quite well until he came to

the translation of Catholic terms. For those I had to write out characters, and, when that proved futile, I expressed myself as best I could by gestures. As the old man seemed to be in evident danger of death, I told him I would give him absolution and Extreme Unction if he would show sorrow for his sins. This he did. The catechist said the *Confiteor* and other prayers aloud in Chinese. When the sick man heard him say, "*Sheng Mu Ma-li-ya (Holy Mother Mary),*" he understood immediately, and kept repeating the words all the time I was giving the sacraments.

The next day I said Mass and then took Viaticum to the sick man. He was so happy and grateful that his eyes filled with tears. With one hand he held his rosary, and with the other he clung to me. He was loath to see us go. In order to record the sick call, I asked my neophyte his baptismal name. When he said "Bernard," I felt like answering, "I thought as much." I felt that here was "one for the books," and for one book in particular—Saint Alphonsus's *Glories of Mary*. The old Korean died a few days later, and I'm sure *Sheng Mu Ma-li-ya* saw him safely Home.

Incidentally, when we arrived at our destination, we found that the Christian for whom we had made the trip was out of danger of death and no longer in need of the Last Sacraments.

Bolt FROM THE BLUE

By F. X. EASTMAN

MUST I still request you to make haste? Recite all these things to the High Priest, and explain to him, if you can, the strange delusion that has made you forget the religion of your fathers. Turning your back on the Law of Israel, blinding your eyes to the teaching of the Prophets—

"Not blinding my eyes, but opening them, my good Saul—to see the fulfillment of the prophecies in One—"

"Enough!" shouted Saul. "We have listened to this man enough. Bring those chains there. Bind him. Too bad we cannot bind his blasphemous tongue at the same time!" Saul watched the captive as the chains pinioned his arms. There was no struggle, no outcry. "You will be judged justly," he interpolated. "Where is your wife? Is she of the same mind with you in this new superstition?"

"My wife believes even as I. But let her remain. If she goes with me, what will become of the children?"

"Bring her out!" Saul shouted to his men. "The orders make

no distinction between men and women. If she is a follower of this accursed sect, she must be tried also."

Before the men could leave the room, a young woman stood in the doorway. "You do not need to seize me," she said calmly. "I have heard all that transpired here. I believe also. I follow Christ as my husband does. I am ready to be judged. But what shall I do with my children? They are very small."

Saul stared at the woman. How calm and composed

Saul was down, unseated, fallen from his horse, semiprostrate on the ground, and a voice came, as it were, from the blue vault of heaven.



she was! What a strange dignity seemed to possess these deluded people! Why did they not cringe and cower and make excuses? They flouted the sacred authority of God to follow an imposter who pretended to speak in His Name, but they seemed to lack all consciousness of the enormity of their crime. They were open about it, set in it, proud of it. Saul looked at the woman again. The family had the reputation of being strict Pharisees, and she had all the marks of respectability and refinement. He took up her words:

"You, a daughter of Israel, you fear for the children? I fear for them, also! Souls entrusted to your care by the God of our fathers—if you lead them from the true path, you must answer to Him! Let me see them," he broke off. "Time presses, and we must be on our way." He motioned her away.

The woman reappeared in an instant, mustering a little boy and girl and holding an infant in her arms. The two small children looked frightened and clung to their mother. Were they merely afraid of strangers, or did they know that something was amiss? They had not seen the binding of their father; they had not understood the talk and discussion; but with the instinct of children they knew that some threat hung over the household.

"They are small," said Saul, peering at them with a softened expression. "They are very small. Have you not some relative with whom you could leave them?"

"There is my sister. She might take them for a few days, although she is poor and has little room. She lives three hours' march from here."

"They are very small," broke in Saul again. "Very small. I will report to the High Priest. Meanwhile, arrange for your sister to take them. The sanctity of the Law is more important than family troubles. But you may stay with them for the present. They are very small."

In the cool of the evening, Saul stepped out into the garden for a moment's reflection. The simple evening meal was over; he had chosen his favorite prophet, Isaiah, and had read chapter after chapter in an instinctive search for the comfort and confirmation that he unconsciously sought. The golden pages thrilled him as they always did, yet he was vaguely conscious that they left in him tonight a lurking uneasiness. Israel would have a Saviour! The Desired of Nations would come! He knew it, he believed it, and he sometimes longed for it, as he felt himself doing tonight. Then Israel would triumph, and God's holy Law would be spread far and wide, and the wrongs of the world would be righted, and every man would dwell under his vine and fig tree in purity of heart and smiling content, at peace with God and men.

But it could not happen in his lifetime. The signs were all against it. Israel was divided, and the godless Roman power was bringing the whole world under its sway. Was this the moment for the heaven-sent Leader to appear? And these poor visionary fools with their strange fancies about Jesus of Nazareth—what was there about the Man that bewitched them so? A blasphemer!

A Man who made Himself God! Of course, the world was full of erratic, emotional minds always ready to espouse something new and bizarre, particularly when it announced itself under the guise of religion. And yet—there was something about these people that did not square with the usual type of emotional enthusiasts. The hysteria and the extravagances were absent, and the people themselves were so calm, so confident, so immovable, almost as if they were rooted in some mysterious force and upheld by some invisible power. These were not the light-minded sort that are swayed by every wind of doctrine that blows; most of them were from the solid religious element, strict Pharisees like himself. To be sure, their belief was extravagant enough. But what explained their blind obstinacy in it, their willingness to suffer for it, their calm and almost radiant peace through all? Scenes came back to him from his experience of the last few days, and he marveled again as he recalled men torn from their families with no apparent thought of altering their convictions, men and women marching together in chains without any signs of trepidation, much as if they were going to a triumph rather than to a tribunal.

Restless, puzzled, uneasy, torn with his conflicting thoughts, Saul faced the garden. "All the more reason," he told himself, "to root out the dangerous superstition, before it gains any further headway." It seemed to be spreading like wildfire, and that was another mysterious thing—how such a movement could communicate itself so rapidly, so tenaciously. Scores had already been apprehended in Jerusalem. But the sect was spreading elsewhere besides. Many of the little towns around and about had adherents of it; it had even spread to Antioch and Damascus. It would be necessary to reach out to these places promptly, before the contagion had made too much headway. Saul paced along anxiously, turning things over in his mind, making his plans.

The dusky night suddenly became brighter and clearer, as the majestic full moon broke from the clouds low on the horizon, and shed its soft beams of pale radiance over the garden. The beauty of the night comforted Saul, and he breathed a prayer to the God of Abraham to preserve and guide His people. But his thoughts were errant, going and coming amid the (Continued on page 21)

MARYKNOLL FATHERS Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

I should like to think more about the possibility of giving my life to the work of the missions. Please send me vocational literature. I understand this does not bind me in any way.

NAME

ADDRESS



Emily

POINTS THE WAY

EMILY is a Catholic Chinese girl living in California, whose older sister is a Maryknoll Sister in one of the war areas of South China. When Mother Mary Joseph of Maryknoll wrote to Emily's mother, urging her to be brave while her daughter in China was in peril, Emily sent back the following letter:

DEAR MOTHER,

"Don't think that we are grief-stricken. We are proud of our sister. Whatever happens, it will all be for Him. He will take care of those working for Him, so we trust in Him. I have enlisted in the Women's Defense and am expecting a call soon. I volunteered to serve four hours every day after school and am taking a course in air-raid protection. My teachers have appointed me air-raid warden. When I received the Sacrament of Confirmation, I became a soldier of Christ. So now I am doing all I can to help, and to be a good soldier so He'll be proud of me. Don't worry about our mother. She can take it, and she's not the crying sort.

"One thing that distresses me is the persecution of the Japanese. My heart aches for my Japanese classmates. We have no personal hatred, and there is one whom I love very dearly. She's looking for a job, so please pray for her."

It is Emily's spirit that will not only win the war but also build up that better world of affection and understanding for which all of us hunger. Yes, Emily, we'll

pray for that Japanese classmate of yours whom you love very dearly. And may God love you dearly for the lesson you teach us!

What of these classmates of Emily? If you would know how they feel, read this second letter. It goes to each American boy of Japanese ancestry who enters the American Army, a message from the Japanese Mothers' Club of Southern California.

"We voice the hopes of all mothers when we say that, above all, we want you to make yourselves the type of soldiers in whom America may take great pride.

"The quality of loyalty is one which your race can share equally with all Americans in the making of a greater America.

"Because the very arms you bear may be turned against the country of your ancestry is all the more reason why you should sharpen that quality with every ounce of your determination.

"And when you return, by the grace of God, to your homes and families, may the reflection of what you have gained from your service and experience command the respect and admiration of all.

"Hasten forth and know that we who keep the home-fires burning are with you in spirit, happy that our sons are sharing in the grave responsibility of keeping alive the torch which symbolizes the American way of life we have come to know as our own."



The spirit of our young Chinese and young Japanese on the Pacific Coast is an admirable one, putting to shame the spirit of many of those who claim one hundred per cent Americanism.

MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Founded in 1907 by Ecclesiastical Authority. Published Monthly.

•

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

HERO AND FATHER

Catholic missionaries are not heroes, but they try to uphold the traditions of the Catholic priesthood, and this often calls for the heroic. To be a good priest all the time means to be a hero some of the time. In peace and war, at home or abroad, in fire, flood, famine, pestilence, and persecution, their work goes on, varying in the ease or difficulty of its performance with the circumstances. What is easy today is hard tomorrow, and what is a stern task in present stress may be a pure joy in future peace. But hard or easy, today, and every day, the work is done.

Accordingly, the same priest is a peaceful angel of mercy at one period and an embattled soldier of Christ at another, according to the demands made upon him by the exigencies of the day. What explains the man is his vocation. Because his life is not his own but is dedicated to the service of the people, he must have his ups and downs with the people. No man has greater joys or harder battles than he, meets greater extremes, reaps greater rewards. He is whatever it is necessary to be in filling his role as a father of the people.

OFFERTORY

"We offer unto Thee, O Lord, the chalice of salvation, beseeching Thy clemency that it may ascend in the sight of Thy divine majesty with a sweet savor for our salvation and that of the whole world."

Every priest every morning offers the chalice "for the salvation of the whole world," according to the prayer which accompanies the act of Offertory in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is a daily reminder that Christ offers Himself, not only for the fortunate few who are gathered in His Name, but also for the multitudes who have never heard His Name. The priestly heart knows this and joins with the Church in praying that the salvation brought on earth by the Divine Victim may be extended to all the sons of men. It would be well for all of us to include this among our own intentions at Mass, for it is evidently one of the official intentions of the Mass itself.

COMRADESHIP

To those who suffer the loss of all worldly possessions through flood, famine, pestilence, and war, the Poor Man

of Nazareth becomes, in truth, a brother. But sufferers who know not Christ have not the consolation that comes from comradeship with the Man of Sorrows. Few persons today are in a position to control flood, prevent famine, banish disease, or stop war; yet many, through cooperation with missionaries, can bring the consoling knowledge of the Crucified Saviour to the homeless victims of these great catastrophes. In losing all, many sufferers will gain Christ, if we but aid the missionaries to meet these emergencies.

A DEFINITION

A vocation to the missions comes from God, but it is well to understand the nature of a vocation from the human point of view. What a man wants in life is an opportunity to give his best. His ambitions will not be satisfied by making a business or artistic success, by accumulating a lot of money, by wielding political influence, or by attaining eminence in any other line of merely human endeavor. That would satisfy his friends, and they would call him a success, but it would not satisfy him. He knows he has more in him than that. He could do all that and yet his life could remain a complete failure, as he quite realizes in his heart; because he could be a success in many senses and still miss the real meaning of life, which is to be a success in God's sense. That means to make his life yield its maximum possibilities.

If, then, a man has enough vision to recognize this, and accordingly wishes to find a calling in which he can develop to the full all his latent faculties, spiritual, intellectual, and physical, and can harness them to a cause of limitless horizons that will give them all the fullest possible play, he would do well to pray to God for a vocation to the missions. For the classic qualities required in the apostolic life are adaptability and initiative, and these two great outlets insure to the most gifted personality a broad field for the full expression of any and all its talents. This is, in short, the opportunity to live completely, dangerously, significantly, and for God. The man, therefore, who wants to live life, instead of standing on the side lines looking at life, could choose no better career than to be a missionary.

Incidentally, it is the possession of these two qualities,

adaptability and initiative, that renders the American naturally qualified for mission work. The Orient has a civilization and a culture of its own, which the adaptable American is disposed to study, and to appreciate. The man who can see good in the Chinese and their customs can easily go the further step of becoming Chinese and adopting their customs. An American does this readily. He is not tied down.

He does not take his own country and its little traditions so seriously that he cannot exchange them for the traditions of his adopted country. This is being all things to all men; this is becoming Chinese to gain the Chinese. It is the essence of the true mission spirit; God gave it to the true American as part of his natural endowment. Initiative is another classic virtue of the apostle. Foreign-mission work is in many respects a vast uncharted sea. The missionary's life is truly a case of launching out into the deep. This calls for initiative; the gift of invention to conceive, and the fire of zeal to execute; the spirit of eternally trying the soul of the pioneer. Here we again touch

American characteristics in their most active form.

Can we think of a better natural equipment than this? It goes without saying, of course, that to this must be added all the supernatural virtues, for no work for God can succeed without union with God. But the natural endowment of a man is also from God, and it points to the purpose for which God intends to use him. Does this mean that God intends to use Americans for foreign-mission work on a large scale? Does He plan an outpouring of young men and young women from this country who will find an outlet for their energies and qualities in the divine quest for His other sheep? We do not know, but

we believe that in the American type He finds a good instrument near to His hand for the divine work near to His heart.

Meanwhile God has prepared his people in the Orient for the advent of the missionaries. The language that God uses, in which to speak to the artistic Orient, is that of spiritual beauty, just as He has spoken so eloquently to

us through the revelation of Christ, who is Infinite Beauty. God speaks to us in myriad ways, but never more compellingly than through beauty, for it is a tangible token that the charmed senses can readily discern. So we see His blood upon the rose, as the poet said, and we read His countenance in every opalescent dawn; for beauty is the hem of His garment, and these are but glimpses and gleams of His own infinite beauty that He has scattered broadcast all over His universe, in order to hint of His presence and thus lead us to Himself.

Yet spiritual beauty speaks of Him more eloquently still for those who can interpret it, for God is a spirit, and He seeks those who will adore Him in spirit and in

truth. No gorgeous sunset was ever so divine as an act of charity, and not all the flowers that grow are worth the cup of cold water given in His name. By all means look up and see Him in the fleecy sky, but look down also and seek Him among men. For, even if you cannot see His cross in every tree, you can find Him always in that charity to men that drew Him down from high heaven to be the first-born among His brethren. It is, therefore, through the spiritual beauty of the ministers of Christ, as portrayed before the eyes of the Orient in the persons of the missionaries, that God's other sheep will come to be numbered in the one true fold.

THREE POINTS FOR TOMORROW

A world at war does not alter the mission vocation unless it be to render it more imperative.

In the solemn aftermath of this struggle, three vital tasks must be considered:

- 1. To strengthen and support and console the people suffering from the war.**
- 2. To bind up the wounds of the world because of that war.**
- 3. To build a better world, that it may be saved from other such wars in the future.**

It would seem that only religion can do any of these things, and religion can do them all. In face of such a situation, there is nothing strange in our calling. We go out into the highways of the world, that men desperately in need of God's light and strength may be served.

✠JAMES E. WALSH

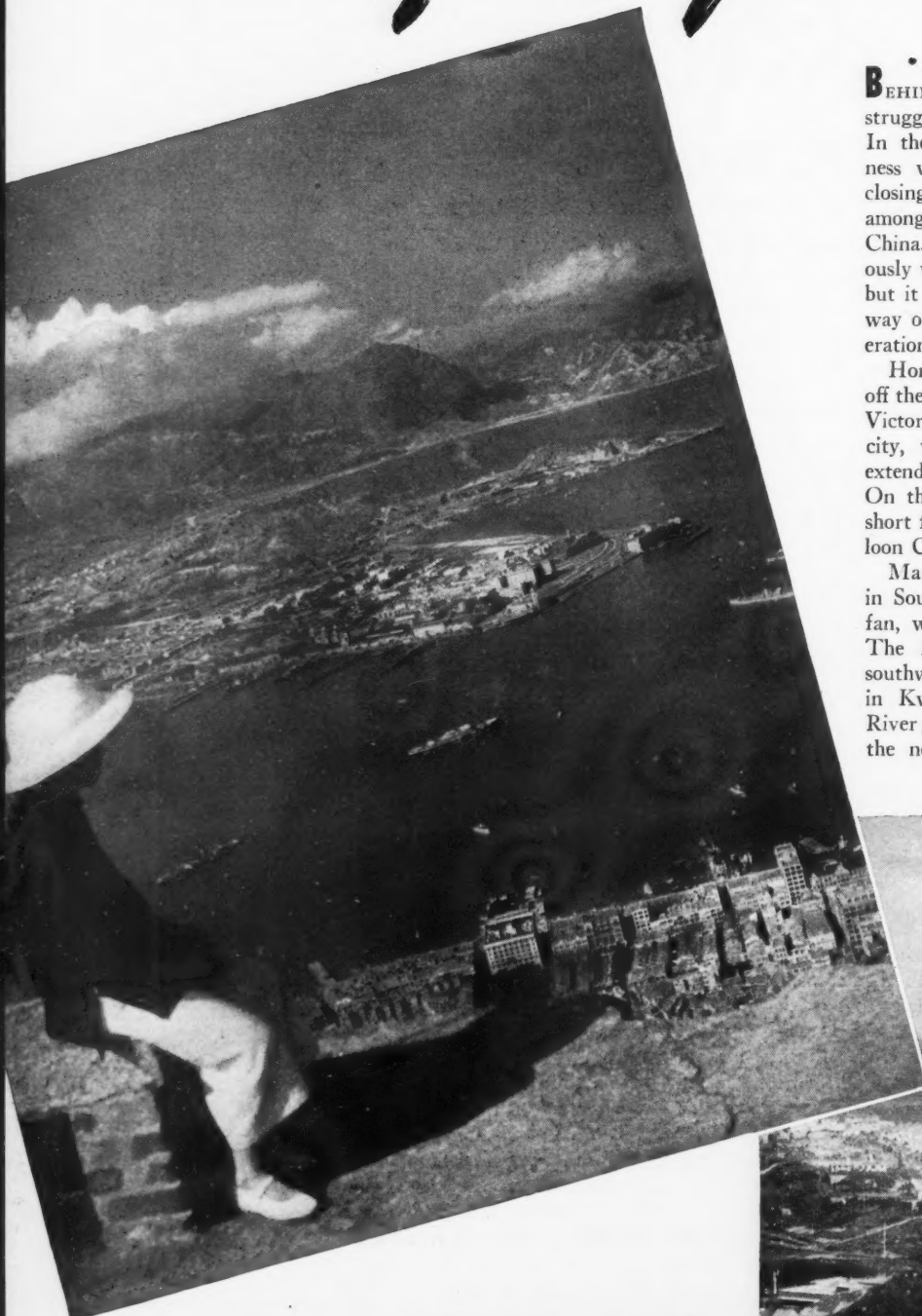
Superior General of Maryknoll

Hongkong... MISSIONARY G

BEHIND every headline of the present struggle in Asia is a story of missions. In the fall of Hong Kong, we witness what may be but a temporary closing of a gateway to apostolic work among some fifty million souls in South China. This need not interfere seriously with the mission life in the area, but it promises to alter considerably a way of work now established for generations.

Hong Kong is a rocky island bastion off the mainland shore. On this island, Victoria has served as the gay central city, while extensive suburban areas extend out among the beautiful hills. On the mainland, then, reached by a short ferry ride from Victoria, is Kowloon City.

Maryknoll's four mission territories in South China are spread out like a fan, with Hong Kong at the handle. The Kongmoon territory is to the southwest; Wuchow and Kweilin are in Kwangsi Province, up the West River; while the Kaying territory is to the northwest. All Maryknoll mis-



Hong Kong is a rocky island bastion off the shore of South China. Across the water, on the mainland, is the old city of Kowloon.



RY GATEWAY

sioners going to these fields during the past score and more of years have journeyed through Hong Kong.

For the tyro missionaries newly arrived from America, Maryknoll some years ago set up a language school at this Hong Kong base. It is located at Stanley, eleven miles outside Victoria, on a lovely eminence far above the China Sea. When war clouds gathered, the staff of professors and those of the "pupils" already arrived from over the Pacific, flew by plane to interior China (land routes were already closed). The last eight priests due for the school arrived in Hong Kong the day before hostilities began, and they were probably caught on the island.

The Maryknoll Sisters have built up during recent years a large school in Kowloon City and have conducted Holy Spirit School in Victoria. Approximately a thousand children were in their care. When war came, the Sisters left the classroom and took up Red Cross work among wounded and dying; for this they received high praise.



Oriental QUIZ CORNER



Every Maryknoller faces bravely the firing line of the quizzers, with their questions on things missionary and Oriental. Each month V. Rev. Thomas V. Kierman, a veteran of Maryknoll in the Far East, will answer questions for FIELD AFAR readers. Your inquiry will be welcome!

Question: I read recently about the honor that Orientals pay to the god of the kitchen. Can you tell some more about this practice? —*Nevada Housewife*

Answer: This feast occurs just before the Chinese New Year. On this day the god of the kitchen is supposed to ascend to heaven to report on the family's behavior. Hence sweet foods are offered to him to make his mouth sticky so that he cannot speak. On New Year's Eve, of course, a new picture of the god of the kitchen is hung up. So many firecrackers are burned on this feast that it is often popularly called the "Little New Year."

Question: Why is it that there is only one written language in China, but many spoken ones? —*Montana*

Answer: China was not always as large geographically as it is today. The dominant tribes of the Yangtze Valley, in evolution for thousands of years, eventually brought all of Eastern Asia under the banner of the Chinese Imperial Dragon. Since the Chinese written language never had an alphabet, it did not break up into other written forms on impact with the speech of the peoples in the areas which the Chinese gradually conquered. The Chinese written language originally was a pictorial script, faintly resembling the picture language of the American Indians. The basic Chinese characters even today still preserve a discernible resemblance to the primitive picture characters.

The Roman alphabet has been blamed for the variation of written languages in Europe. Its letters, or combinations of letters, represented vocal sounds. The sounds represented ideas. Hence when the civilizing influence of the Roman Empire was felt among the barbarians of Europe, their speech and dialects were written or Romanized by use of the Roman alphabet, thus forming new written languages. This was not the case with the Chinese written language. Its characters represent ideas, not mere sounds. Each Chinese character is equivalent to a word or phrase in European tongues. Since there is a certain universality of ideas, despite racial or nationalistic differences, the idea of an object—for example, a horse—

is the same to the Chinese mind as to the mind of a European. The Chinese conveyed this idea in writing by a pictorial symbol.

There was no way that the Chinese character could be used to represent the same idea under a different sound. The characters took on different sounds in different dialects, not because the sound of the character was changed by the Chinese, but because the idea of the character had a different name to the non-Chinese. So, when the Chinese characters were first used, the people applied to them their name of the idea the character represented.

Consequently, as China extended her sway over the continent, there remained a rigidity in expressing ideas in writing, while the vassal peoples were permitted great freedom in the use of their own languages and dialects. These languages were influenced by the Chinese vernacular, so that Chinese dialectic and linguistic variations are mostly geographical. Other variations were caused by population migrations to the four corners of the continent.

It is claimed that the Chinese imposed their written language on the peoples they conquered. While this is true, especially in the periods following the maturity of China as a nation, it does not suffice to explain the unity of the written and the diversity of the spoken language in the early half of China's history. At that time there was little thought of imposing a written language on tribes who were still primitive, as the conquered races were thought to be too inferior to bother with. After the Chinese written language had become crystallized, there was no absolute need for an alphabet.

China was an ancient nation when she first came in contact with the alphabets of Europe and southwestern Asia. Many Chinese consider English writing queer. Learning to write is no more difficult for a Chinese boy than learning our alphabet, or learning to spell, is for one of our own children.

Ultimately when China became a great nation, her officials insisted upon the use of Chinese script in the dominated areas as an aid to good government, and, while the insistence on the use of the Court language was not so severe, lack of such knowledge was not apt to gain prestige. The most common dialect in China is called Mandarin, or the "official language." This is spoken in three quarters of China, at least in understandable variations. And, while there are such diverse dialects as Cantonese, Hakka, Fukinese, Shanghai, and many others, the grammar varies very little, if at all. Father Lamassee has demonstrated that there is a fundamental unity even among the spoken dialects, which can be traced when their sounds are reduced to Romanization.



Thomas the Good Thief

WHEN a boy takes his first trip on a Chinese river boat, along with the pigs, ducks, and geese, and a pile of boxes of tea, that is an adventure in itself. But when the boat is attacked by pirates—then the fun begins! Another Lo-Ting story, about the same people whom you have met in *The Long Road to Lo-Ting*. The story was written by Julie Bedier, and the illustrations, in Chinese blue and black, were painted by Louise Trevisan. Longmans. Bound, \$1 ☐; pamphlet, 25¢ ☐

ALL THE DAY LONG—Daniel Sargent's biography of Bishop James Anthony Walsh, Maryknoll's cofounder. Longmans. \$2.50. ☐

ONE INCH OF SPLENDOR—A day-by-day account of Maryknoll Sisters' mission work in South China, written in China by Sister Mary Rosalia. Field Afar Press. Cloth, \$1 ☐; paper, 60¢ ☐

MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS—Letters have about them a charm and intimacy all their own. Read these informal letters from Maryknollers and understand better what these American apostles—your representatives—are doing for

the Church and for the world. A new volume every six months. Subscription for one year, \$1 ☐; single volume, 50¢ ☐

WHEN THE SORGHUM WAS HIGH—By John J. Considine, M.M. This story of Father Jerry Donovan, slain by bandits in Manchukuo, this year proves itself a perennial best-seller. Longmans. Cloth, \$2 ☐; paper, \$1 ☐

LONG ROAD TO LO-TING—By Julie Bedier. "The story is utterly naive and winsome."—*Pro Parvulis Herald*. Perfectly pictured in red and black by Louise Trevisan. Longmans. Bound, \$1 ☐; pamphlet, 25¢ ☐



Date
THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

Please mail all the books checked on the above list.

\$..... enclosed.

☐ Bill me.

Name

Address



The old man was looking for a cure, but he wanted "the easiest way."

THE MIRACLE *Man*



By REV. MARK A. CHURCHILL

THE Chinese, even in the remotest villages, have learned the virtue of quinine as a remedy for malaria and dysentery. Except for those two diseases, the average Chinese looks on Western medicine as a sort of desperate chance, a last resort when his case is hopeless. Since the only Western medicine he knows is that given in the mission dispensary by a priest with a very modest stock of drugs and a very insufficient knowledge of medicine, there is really more than a grain of truth in this attitude. It really is a desperate chance, in a way.

We admit it, but allege in defense of our practice that the conditions really are desperate and that, with our simple treatments and little stock of standard remedies, we do succeed in curing a few, even when medical doctors have failed. The people come to us with ulcerated legs that have resisted treatment for months and years, and expect us to cure them in three days. And we justify

their confidence and amaze ourselves by curing them, not of course in three days, but in the course of as many weeks. With one or two such triumphs, our little dispensary acquires a great reputation, with the result that all the really hopeless cases of the vicinity come knocking at our door.

While this confidence on the part of patients is a very flattering thing from the viewpoint of the "doctor," the missionary is sometimes discouraged and irritated to be considered a refuge of the hopeless, to have cases submitted to his ministrations only when they have reached the hopeless stage. However, there are cases of this overconfidence that have their humorous side.

There was the evening when one of the local "big shots" called just as I was trying to finish Matins and Lauds for the morrow. After the customary polite subterfuges, the caller worked the discussion around to Catholic doctrine and said questioningly: "Jesus during His life on earth went about doing good and cured many people by the imposition of hands?"

Having received an affirmative answer, he pressed the point home: "They tell me you have cured many people in this vicinity. Do you use medicine or the imposition of hands?"

What is this? I began asking myself. *The appeal to miracles as a criterion of the truth of the Gospel?* But it was nothing so hopeful as that. It was merely that the gentleman was an opium smoker. After the National Government had decreed the death penalty for addiction to narcotics, he had tried several cures, only to find that "sand" was a necessary ingredient of any cure. Now he was looking for a cure the easier way, the supernatural way.

I decided to beat him at his own game. "Why, yes!" I answered. "You can be cured by the imposition of hands, but only if you are firmly determined to die rather than touch a pipe again."

But my patient didn't take to my prescription. Perhaps he thought I wasn't offering him as much chance as the Government: there was always the chance that the Government wouldn't find him out.

BOLT FROM THE BLUE

(Continued from page 11) turbulent scenes of the past few days, and curiously entwined with the puzzling and elusive reason behind it all. "Jesus of Nazareth"—the name came unbidden to his lips, and he repeated it with scorn. "A carpenter of Galilee! He died during the paschal moon, they say—just such a night as this. A malefactor—crucified between two thieves. And if ever a man deserved it—to rend the garment of Israel and lead the people astray! They say He pretended to love the people—but is not that the way of every self-seeker who courts popularity? True, some of His sentences were arresting; simple but full of meaning; breath-taking in their startling ideals. 'Blessed are the clean of heart: for they shall see God.' 'Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of God.' 'Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you.' Yet anybody can frame these sayings to captivate the people for his own ends. His own ends? What were they? Death on the cross?" Saul paced more rapidly, stirred and uneasy, unable to account for the strange trend his meditations were taking.

"They say He showed a certain respect for the observances of the Law," he mused on. "He did not overturn everything. Even when He was tried, He did not resist. I could almost wish to have seen Him." A sentence came back from his reading: "He shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearer, and he shall not open his mouth." (*Isaiah 53:7*). Saul stood still an instant. Then, "No, no!"—he rejected the thought. The prophet had not meant that the Great Leader would act like that! What strange fancies he was having tonight! "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Where had he heard that sentence? Oh, yes, people said it was the last thing He had spoken—while hanging on the cross. It had the ring of coming from somebody's heart. Did he forgive his enemies? "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth—" Instinctively, Saul contrasted the two sentiments. He could not doubt which one must reflect the higher ideal in the mind of the perfect and all-merciful God.

What was so familiar about the haunting words? Oh, yes, that young man recently arrested. He had used almost the same expression. Saul could see him, hear him

still. "Lay not this sin to their charge," had been his final cry, as the cruel stones beat him down, silenced his voice forever. Was it forever? Saul still heard that voice. "Stephen," they had called him. A young man and so wedded to this fatal perversion. "I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God." That was it; they thought He was God! "Father, forgive them!" Always calling God His Father. That was the awful blasphemy—He had made himself

God! But the picture of the young man clung to him. He had looked so innocent, so guileless, so sincere. He had never cringed, never wavered. Even at the last his face was radiant, exalted as if by some inner vision that was not of earth. Saul groaned in vexation of spirit as the unbidden thoughts flooded his soul.

He put the thoughts away and became the man of action. Early in the morning he would get the letters of authorization from the High Priest; then he and his men would push on to Damascus. That was to be his next campaign. If his party succeeded in getting an early start in the morning, they should reach the city by nightfall. They rode hard all the morning, stopping only now and then to rest the horses. Saul was preoccupied and hurried; he rode in front, anxious to keep the party moving at good speed.

Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, on that bright summer afternoon as the group galloped along, from the cloudless blue of a halcyon sky there was a blinding flash that lit the whole heavens. They pulled up instinctively, frozen in fear. Saul was down, unseated, fallen from his horse, semiprone on the ground. Then they saw him raise himself on one elbow, as he lifted his eyes to the shimmering sky.

"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" came a voice. "Who art thou, Lord?" answered the stammering accents of Saul, from where he lay prone.

"I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. It is hard for thee to kick against the goad."

In that sentence Saul saw his whole life. From that moment, he was dedicated. He asked only his marching orders. He was the Galilean Carpenter's to command. They found him blind when they set him on his feet.

"Yes, I am sightless," he said after a little. "I am sightless, and yet—for the first time—I see!"





Some will budget their spending quite thoughtfully.

MARYKNOLL's friends form a wide sheath across the whole gamut of the so-called "masses and classes." To be a friend of Maryknoll, it is not a question of what you have in your pocket, but a question of what you have in your heart.

Among those who have good things in their hearts, however, the question of what they have in their pockets will be very much to the fore shortly. We cannot pour the greater part of America's wealth in the defense of our national ideals without feeling the effects in the daily life of each of our homes.

Then will come a period of readjustment. Some will recast their spending quite thoughtlessly. Like the panic-stricken, running out of a burning house, they will clutch at trivialities that have a sentimental hold on them and say, "I *can't* leave these behind me!" And meanwhile the meaningful things of life will be lost.

Why not plan the readjustment calmly? Squeezing out the sentimental quite resolutely, why not determine that in the revised spending of the family income the truly important things in life will be guarded best?

Make up a list of the more important things:

1. *What Bears Upon the Welfare of Our Homes*
 - a) The nourishment of the family in strength and vigor but without luxury.
 - b) The maintenance of the physical household with

Where WILL

the essentials for a happy atmosphere, but with a ready abandonment of expensive "extras."

- c) The education, academic and cultural, of the members of the family, again not for "fancy" living but for a happy and fruitful life of the mind.
2. *What Bears Upon the Affairs of God*
 - a) Participation in the life of worship and charity in our local parish.
 - b) Consistent cooperation in the advance of the things of God throughout the world.

HISTORIC BUDGET

Direct Outlay for War
Is 53 Billions Aside
From Other Funds

DEBT OF 110 BILLIONS

Despite Rise in Taxes,
1943 Deficit Is Put
at 35 Billions

Text of the President's budget
message appears on Page 16.

By HENRY N. DORRIS
Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 7—Pres-
ident Roosevelt submitted to Con-
gress today the biggest budget
estimate of all time—\$58,927,902,-
000, excluding debt retirement—of

YOU DO THE CUTTING?

- c) Ready dedication of our sons and daughters to God's service, even more important for the world than our country's service.
- 3. *What Bears Upon the Welfare of Our Nation*
 - a) Ready meeting of the obligations of our very unpoetic but very necessary tax bills.
 - b) The ready dedication of our sons and even daughters to the armed forces.
 - c) Cooperation according to our prudent capacity, for Defense bonds, the Red Cross, and similar needs.

Whether or not, in such a "budgeting" of your resources, you can allot a great deal for God's work over the world, you alone can decide. Our only admonition is that you make up your mind thoughtfully and prayerfully. Let it not be a mere impulsive choice between a "movie" ticket and the support of a missionary in fields afar.

Indeed, the sad days that are upon us have helped all of us to prize more highly than before many things which we took for granted. In America, which despite the recent depressions has been a land of milk and honey, we appreciate more than ever the privilege of possessing material things, now that we face the prospect of losing them. We appreciate our freedom now that it is in jeopardy. We appreciate the privilege of worshipping God, and see what God can mean to others, as we hear the daily recital of injustices against so many millions who hunger to exercise this same right.

This heightened appreciation will do us a great deal of good. "With desolation is the world made desolate, for no man thinketh in his heart." The times are making us thoughtful. We understand better now that only God's sway in men can make the world livable. We can see more clearly the very real contribution the missionary makes toward building a better world.

As the stern struggle in which we are engaged leads us to cut the "nonessentials" from our life, let it lead us to greater attention to the essentials, to the enduring things as against the things that are empty and passing. Are the labors of the Maryknoll missionary whom you support for one or more days each month emptiness and futility? Or, ask yourself, do they not count richly for him, for you, for souls, in terms of a better world and a happier eternity?

NO TAX Contributions made to Maryknoll for its work are not subject to tax, according to a communication received here recently from the Office of the Treasury Department.

THE MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Fathers:

Your missionaries are doing such noble work, in spite of war conditions and amid so many dangers, that I wish it were possible for me to do more to help them. My friends all seem to be making money, but my husband, who owns a little fruit store, is able to bring home only \$3 or \$4 a week after his bills are paid.

We have three lovely children: two boys, thirteen and eleven; and a girl, seven, who is the apple of her dad's eye. It's true we have plenty of fruits and vegetables to eat; we've never been hungry. Sometimes, though, I wish—just once—that I could go on a shopping "spree" and not have to stop to wonder if I have enough money to pay for what I bought.

This morning after paying my bills I found that I had an extra dollar left over, so, instead of the "spree," I am sending it for our missionary for one day more. I don't know how many more months I can keep this up, but my older boy says he will deliver bundles for a store and give me what he earns toward our monthly dollar.

Who knows, but this way we'll find a better spending "spree" in heaven, where not money but prayers and sacrifices count. Above all, some day we may be rewarded by having one of our sons a missionary. Reward enough!

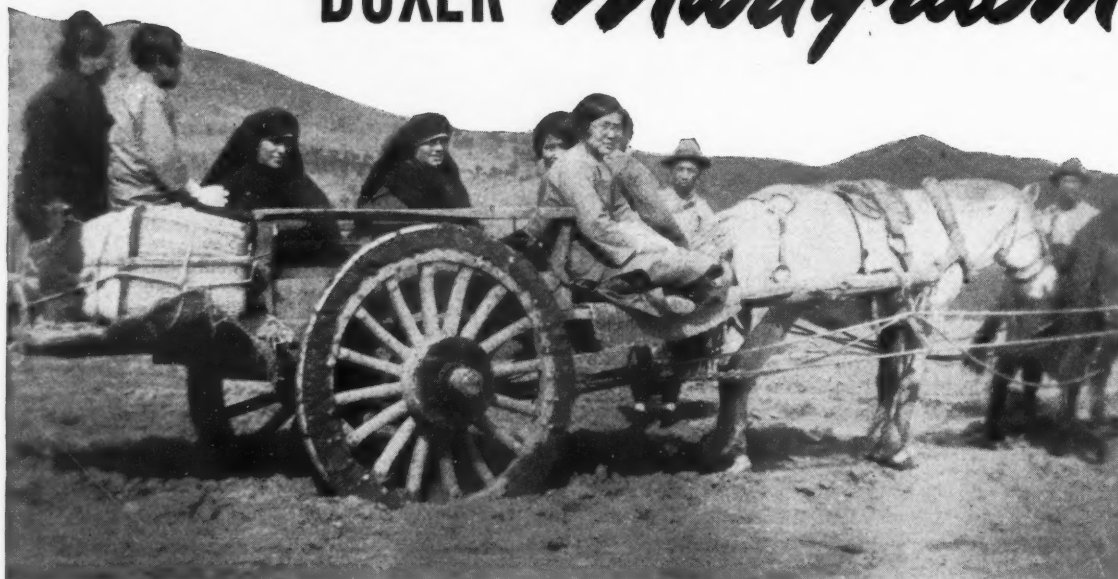
—Mrs. S., New York City

DEPARTED FRIENDS

Please remember in your prayers the souls of these Maryknoll friends who have recently died:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. B. N. Diamond; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Geo. X. Schmidt; Msgr. Joseph Kcosseyan; Msgr. James Higginbotham, Rev. Julius E. De Voss; Rev. Joseph Hanak; Rev. Joseph T. Duerstock; Rev. Timothy Houlihan; Rev. Charles Meagher; Rev. Frank P. Carroll; Rev. P. J. Byrne; Rev. Patrick A. O'Dougherty; Rev. George B. Harrington; Rev. S. J. Ryder; Rev. J. Clement Fehlig; Rev. John Adrian; Sr. Mary Beatrice Driscoll; Sister Mary Edward Flynn; Sister Leo Fearon; Sr. Mary Lucina Loughery; Mrs. Joseph Mundy; Mr. T. F. McDermott; Mrs. Nellie Mulligan; Mr. Michael Snabon; Mr. Jeremiah Hallisey; Miss Anna Sullivan; Mr. James Ryan; Master Crowley; Mary E. Collins; Mrs. Elizabeth Seifert; Dr. Alexander McNamara; Paul McNamara; Catherine Flynn; John Brosman; Mrs. E. F. Fogarty; Martin Harter; John Dunne; Helena Carroll; Mr. G. A. Ermatinger; Mr. Choiniere; Mrs. Elizabeth Canavan; Mary A. Taylor; Mr. Pasquale Rosato; Mr. Joseph C. Spieker; Katherine Taukey; Mr. Henry A. Diebold; W. H. Lansdon; Mr. F. W. Sullivan; Katherine M. Pope; Mr. John Rosewitz; Sarah Gavigan; Mrs. J. G. Rourke; William Belanger; Vincent A. Vyszynski; Miss Gertrude A. Foley; Patrick Keenan; Augusta Rauber; Mr. C. Roesch; Mrs. Anna Baker; Annie V. Savage; Mrs. Poirier; Nellie Goggin; Thomas A. Grace; Mrs. Irving Webster; William J. Lawrence; Mrs. W. E. McHefsey; Miss Minnie T. Jarvis; Miss Casey; Joseph J. MacDonald; Mrs. E. A. Chapoton; Mr. T. J. Gannon; Mr. Edward Desbiens; Mr. M. J. Burke; Mrs. Charles Johnson; George G. McSwain; Mr. John H. O'Brien; Mrs. J. Donovan; Mrs. J. J. Keegan; Miss Catherine Kelly; John T. Harris; Miss Lena Dalschied; Miss Anna Condon; Mrs. William J. O'Connor; Mathilda L. Matthews; Marguerite Haag; Miss Francis Neenan; Mrs. Anna C. O'Brien; Henrietta Porter; Miss Ellen Flannery; Stanley Wasgak; William M. Kilduff; Raphael Keyser; Mr. Edwin A. Concord; Henry Jordan; Mrs. Ellen Condon; James Condon, Sr.; John F. Condon; James A. Condon; Mrs. Mary Reilly; Ann Marshall Marsley; Mrs. Nora Cashman; Mrs. Anton Vinton; Mary A. Neville; Mr. Reardon; Mr. Seidl; Mrs. M. Nixon; Mrs. Catherine Herring; Florence L. Hughes; Elizabeth Buttermann; Mrs. Anna Farrell; Mr. Frank Dowd; Barbara Teresa McSweeney; Mr. Andrew Murphy; Miss Annie E. Connolly; Mrs. Frances M. McCusker; Mr. Gerald J. Humpfer; Mrs. Mary Gately O'Brien; Mrs. Bescher; Mr. Arthur Senecal; Elizabeth Burke; Miss Anne O'Brien; Jerome F. Crowley; Mrs. Ellen Ryan; Mrs. Mary Clendenia; Anna Sassel; Thomas F. Plunkett; Mary Dungenenn; Edmund Cody; Mrs. M. Downing; Mrs. F. Clancio; Miss Anna Kennedy; James O'Donnell; Mary McLaughlin; James K. Barron; Mr. C. Hogan; Mrs. E. Gaudiello; Mrs. Gardner; Miss Anne S. Keating; Miss Frances Duffy; Miss Madeleine Powers; Mrs. Mildred Konkright; Mr. Dennis Desmond; Mrs. Mary Lolva.

BOXER *Martyrdom*



Bibiana kept the aspirants together until the Maryknoll Sisters arrived in 1931 to open a native novitiate.

Written many months before Sister Fabiola suddenly found herself on enemy soil last December 7, this article brings to our war-darkened days a reminder of the good that God so often brings out of evil.

"It was the time of the Boxer uprising," says our good friend Bibiana, on the rare occasions when she can be persuaded to describe the event which forty-two years ago altered the whole course of her life. "It was a war against foreigners. Since the Christian religion was foreign, Christians were hunted down.

"We were Catholics. We knew we were hunted. Most of the time we hid in the hills. Once in a while we ventured home at night. This day we risked going home a little earlier. My mother could not walk, and my father had to carry her. I carried my two-month-old sister. My younger sister and brothers ran back and forth playing games. I was seventeen then.

"We reached home safely. I hurried to get some supper. We had just sat down to eat our first hot food in days when, in the distance, we heard the Boxers. We rushed out of the house. My father took Mother on his back. I tied my five-year-old brother to my back and took the baby on one arm. My sister clung tightly to my one free hand, while the older boy clung to her.

"We had gone only a short distance when we heard the Boxers coming closer, shouting 'Kill! Kill!'

"Put me down!" my mother shouted to my father. "Bibiana can't manage the children alone. Put me down

and save the children first. I'll lie flat in the tall grass, and by-and-by you can come back for me.'

"Mother struggled so, she had to be put down. 'Run!' she commanded.

"I kept the baby. My father took charge of the older children. We reached a cornfield where we all hid. Then my father started back to get Mother. But he didn't reach her in time.

"From behind the cornstalks, I could see my mother kneeling on the ground, praying. Soon they were upon her.

"They confronted her and asked, 'Are you a Christian?'

"Yes," she answered.

"One Boxer started to draw his knife, but another said: 'She can't get away. We must catch the others. I saw a girl with long hair. Let's get her.'

"We lay flat on the ground, afraid to move. Mother continued to pray. In a little while the Boxers returned. Again they challenged my mother. 'Are you a Christian?' they asked.

"I am," she replied.

"Then one of the Boxers struck her with a sword. It made an awful gash. 'Ai-yah, Seng Mu (O Blessed Mother)!' she cried. Then he struck her the third time, and her head rolled to the ground."

All of this left an indelible mark upon Bibiana, who grew to regard her mother as a saint. "My mother died

BEARS FRUIT

By **SISTER MARY FABIOLA**

for the Faith. I want to live for it," she said repeatedly.

Urged by an intense longing to devote her life to God, she refused to marry, spending her life in the service of the Church. For long years she taught catechism, and cared for the sick, the aged, and the orphaned.

When, some twelve years ago, a little group of Chinese aspirants to the religious life was formed in Fushun, it was Bibiana who kept the aspirants together, pending the arrival of the Maryknoll Sisters. Thus, in a slight degree at least, this new native Sisterhood may be considered part of the fruit of a Boxer martyrdom. Canonically erected in 1940 as the Congregation of the Sacred Heart, the new community looks forward to the profession of vows by its first six novices on March 19, 1942. Proud of her small share in its establishment, Bibiana, perhaps more than anyone else, understands the need and the importance of this new native Sisterhood here in Manchukuo.

"As long as the priests and Sisters are foreigners, the Catholic Church will be considered foreign," says this



daughter of a Boxer martyr. "To remedy this, we need Chinese priests and many, many Chinese Sisters!"

AFTER THIS WAR

Will America be ready?

To send missionaries wherever they are needed?

Or will America fail then?

As it did after the Spanish-American War, when there were no American Catholic missionaries to replace the evacuated Spanish priests and Sisters?

Is God perhaps calling YOU to the missions NOW?

If you cannot go yourself, will you sponsor someone who can?

One dollar supports a Sister one day.

Address: Mother Mary Joseph, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Chinese priests and Sisters are one proof in their homeland that the Church is not foreign.



OUR WORLD OF *Missions*

BISHOP ROGAN heard from! This is always an event at Maryknoll. From his cracker-box castle in the British Cameroons, West Africa, the Bishop sends us this precious titbit:

"Here in dear, peaceful, dead-and-alive, happy-go-lucky, sleepy, savage old Africa, one can wander over the face of the earth for days, weeks, and months unarmed, unmolested, unafraid, and without a gas mask. A strange world, indeed! Here are we missionaries coming all these years to Africa to persuade these lighthearted natives not to go about swinging their clubs and shillelaghs and raising dents on their friends' heads (they're full of fun and good spirits, God bless them!), telling them not to go strutting about in other villages looking for trouble, not to be skewering one another with their spears—at least not with poisoned spears—and pleading with them not to be eating one another—at least not on Fridays or abstinence days—and in the same breath we bomb, blast, and blow ourselves into slovenly and untidy bits."

"Take heart," we say to the priest who, in a letter to **THE ACOLYTE**, a clergy review, wrote recently: "In 1941 the clergy are still in the sanctuary 'saving the saved,' as Father Gillis pointed out in his **CATHOLIC WORLD** in 1934." We keep our eyes not on those priests who may be "still in the sanctuary," but on the great numbers who, though not able to do street preaching or the like, are devoting themselves to giving the good things of the Church to all outside.

MADAME CHIANG'S CATHOLIC ANCESTOR Edna Lee Booker, who went through the Far East in the course of her adventures as foreign correspondent, gives us in her book, *News Is My Job*, the story of Madame Chiang Kai Shek's Catholic ancestor, who served so valiantly the first Jesuit missionaries in China and whose tomb stands today near the great Jesuit center in Shanghai.

"Her maternal grandmother," writes Miss Booker of Madame Chiang, "was a member of the historic house of Hsu (Zi, in the local dialect). The Zi family has been Christian for more than three hundred years; from this family the Zikawei district of Shanghai derives its name (literally, Zikawei means 'Domain of the Zi Family'). One of Madame Chiang Kai Shek's ancestors was the distinguished Hsu, or Zi Kwangchi, who in the Ming Dynasty was converted to Christianity by Father Matteo Ricci, S.J. He assisted Father Ricci in translating mathematics into Chinese, became an influential cabinet min-



Father Considine

These pages are written by Very Rev. John J. Considine, M.M., who has long been familiar with world missions. During his ten years at the Church's mission headquarters in Rome Father Considine visited the fields of Asia and Africa.

ister, and was an important ally of the early Christians in China. He was the first important Chinese official to embrace Catholicism in China. His tomb is still to be seen in Zikawei, near Shanghai."

CHINA'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN These four years of war in China have represented the first four years of development for the Aurora College for Women. This college is conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart and affiliated with Aurora University, which is directed by the Jesuits in Shanghai. Aurora College for Women has graduated its first class.

There is tremendous significance in this. Our newspapers carried in headlines the withdrawal of American Marines and the assumption of authority by the Japanese; our almost unconscious reaction is to conclude that every normally functioning institution must suspend activities. This is not

altogether true. Certainly war creates grave handicaps, but Aurora University in Shanghai and Catholic University in Peiping, with their affiliates, have been able thus far to continue their courses.

C.S.M.C. Headquarters (the Students' Crusade) asked the Catholic colleges of the country, "Will you join in the campaign to make America Christian?"

That hundreds answered, "Yes," is no news; but five wrote back "No."

GOLDEN AGE WITHOUT GOLD Father John O'Connor of the Chicago Jesuits, home from the Patna Mission in India, tells us India has a golden age without gold.

"Spiritually speaking," he says, "this is the golden age of missions in India. For centuries a quarter of the Hindu population have been oppressed socially, economically, politically, and religiously, but missionaries are succeeding in pointing out that they bring 'the truth which shall make you free.' Father Santog of Patna says that in his sector he could get one hundred thousand converts if he had ten more missionaries to cover his vast territory with him.

"On the other hand, we are in a terrible crisis. For many the war has completely cut the lines of supply. German and Italian missionaries, though carrying on, are shut off from all help from their homelands. French, Spanish, and Belgian missionaries, with large fields, are completely isolated. Even our own American missionaries

suffer, since friends hesitate to write, for fear their letters will be lost; thus donations have fallen off alarmingly."

Recall that Jersey stop in the train ride from New York to Philadelphia—"Metuchen"? Five Brothers of the Sacred Heart from Metuchen went out after souls and are now at Nyapea, in the heart of the African bush where Uganda meets the Congo. "War has not closed our school," one writes. "It stands here, high and healthy, and our spirits are the same."

SEARCHER FROM VIRGINIA Maryknollers help build the Church in the great outer world among pagans overseas, but their hearts are one with missionaries in the homeland. One Maryknoller spoke recently to a mixed group in an American college, and a young lady of Virginia wrote to him the following very beautiful letter:

"After your lecture last night, my roommates and I had some differences of opinion. They could not see how

any man could possibly want to give up his life for Christianity and spend the rest of his existence in China helping people he didn't even know. I know it is possible to love others as much as yourself, but I didn't realize it was possible to love every single man as much as yourself. To really believe in something, you must love it to such an extent that all your efforts are directed toward it. Am I not right, Father?

"I do believe in love, and I think that I believe in God. You see—I am not sure what God really is. I have always had my own interpretation of Him. As a child I used to believe that He was a man who sat up on the clouds and directed the affairs of the world at will! I am not sure that my more-mature interpretation is any better. I think that God is the wind, the rain, the stars, the flowers, the trees, and the light. You see, I cannot define Him, but I think I see Him in nature. I *want* to believe in God.

"What can the women do besides trying to live like Christians? Have any women ever gone to China?"



Chinese of Holy Redeemer Church, Philadelphia, present floral bouquet to His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty.

Shall THESE BONES LIVE?

By MOST REV. ADOLPH J. PASCHANG

RECENTLY I visited the Gate of Heaven Leper Home, where I was forcibly reminded of the vision of the prophet Ezechiel.

The Lord set the prophet down in the midst of a plain full of bones. And the Lord said to Ezechiel: "Dost thou think these bones shall live? These bones are the house of Israel. These men say, 'Our bones are dried up, and our hope is lost, and we are cut off.' Therefore prophesy and say to them: 'Thus saith the Lord God: You shall know that I am the Lord when I shall have brought you out of your graves and shall have put my spirit in you, and you shall live, and I shall make you rest upon your own land, and you shall know that I the Lord have spoken and have done it.'" (*Ezechiel 37: 3, 11-14.*)

Ezechiel prophesied as commanded, and lo, the bones joined themselves together and arose.

Most of the inmates of this leper home I had seen before, when their existence was tolerated, but not encouraged, among the graves outside the city. Many others I had stumbled upon, hiding in lonely hills, begging beside the highways, lurking at the edge of villages, sleeping in abandoned huts and tumble-down temples, eating what scraps they could beg or steal. Others had been taken from their own homes, where they were trying pitifully to hide their affliction lest their own families should cast them out. Outcasts were they all, despised and feared; with no hope of cure; with relief to be found only in a miserable death; just dead bones dragging themselves around.

At that time we were experiencing depression days here,



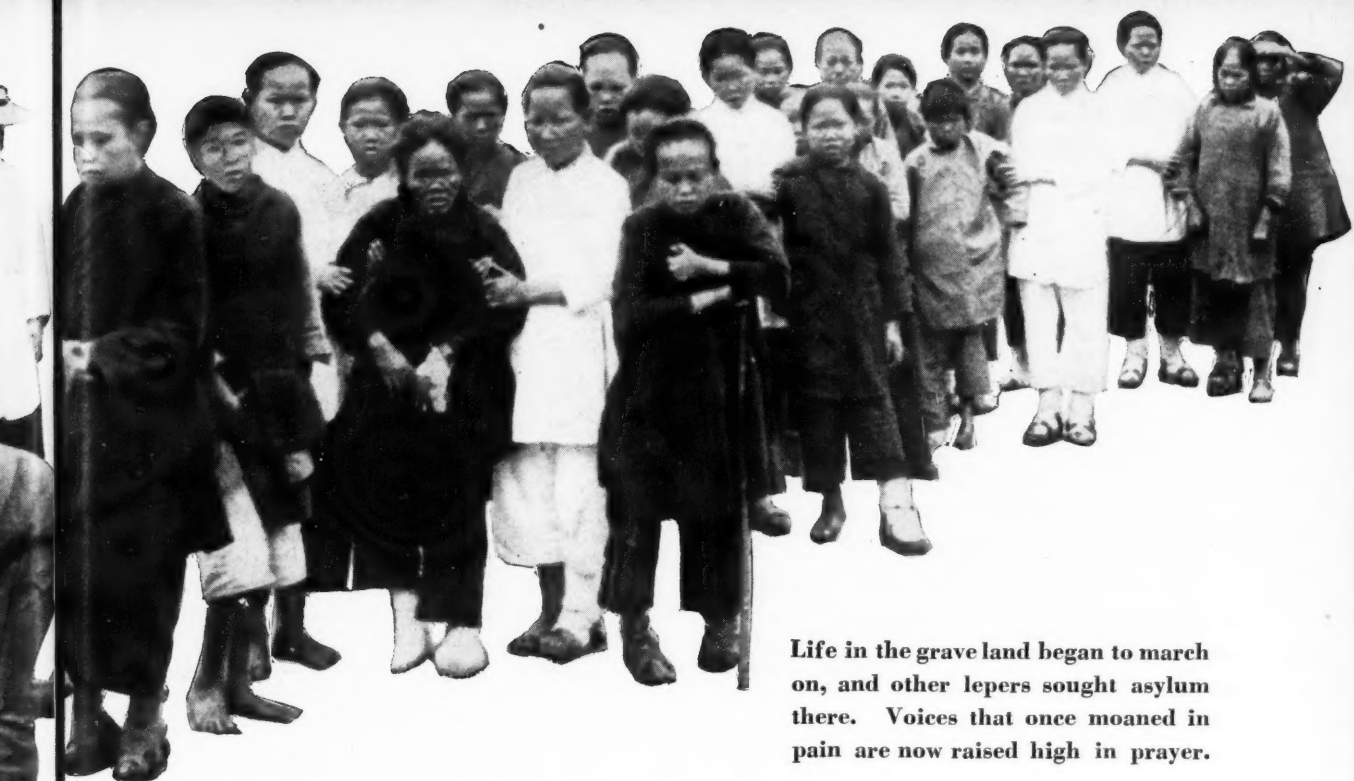
so we could give little more than a blessing to the brave pioneers who volunteered for this work. A humble start was made with a score of lepers who inhabited

a Taoist shrine and a few small huts.

After some months friends at home came to the aid of the lepers, and another group of thirty were added to the first patients. Then, when fifty more were found in the district, the small quarters had to be abandoned. The only haven left was a leper village located in the vast cemeteries bordering the town of Sunwui, three hours away. The authorities had been nonplused to find a place for these lepers, as the people objected to their presence on the borders of the growing town. There among the dead were found forty new victims, fighting a losing battle with death, without anyone to care for them. They eked out a miserable existence by planting tiny vegetable patches in hollows too wet; by salvaging old coffin boards for firewood and building material; and by squatting to beg at a nearby road, which they could never follow into



The old hovels were burned; houses of brick and cement took their place. A chapel raised its cross on high.



Life in the grave land began to march on, and other lepers sought asylum there. Voices that once moaned in pain are now raised high in prayer.

the city, where they would perhaps be stoned.

The hovels were burned, and the ground was cleared of debris and rank vegetation. At the same time there were erected temporary homes of bamboo frames, covered with closely woven palm leaves and floored with boards. A chapel and a dispensary of the same materials were added. Some mud houses were rebuilt with cement to serve as kitchens and bathrooms. Paths, bordered with hedges and flower beds, were laid out. Banana, papaya, and orange trees were planted in every open space.

Life in the grave land began to march merrily enough, and other lepers sought asylum there. Some were big, strong fellows who had heard that the missionaries were working to arrest the disease, and they came with slight, early lesions, seeking refuge and treatment.

Now these bones have actually come to life again. The outcasts are at present respectable citizens of their own village, working and resting on their own land. One may see them digging in their gardens—gathering fuel and herding goats on the hillsides, feeding pigs, catching fish, grinding rice, assisting one another in the dispensary, and helping one another with their catechism lessons. Little jobs and little responsibilities give them a feeling of usefulness that is better than medicine. Medical care relieves much of their needless misery. Somehow, ordinary people seem to be less afraid of them here.

Moreover, the spirit of the Lord is in them. Examinations for Confirmation disclosed a real understanding of their religion. The church is the center of their village.

Here the voices that once whined and moaned for scraps are now raised in prayers of hope and courage. They know that the Lord God has spoken, and has done all this for them through the charity He has inspired in you, their benefactors. And they are ever grateful.

Just as we were about to print the above article, we had a letter from Father Joseph A. Sweeney, M.M., pioneer of the leper colony. We quote his letter in full—it is such fine evidence of the type of men who have given themselves to this work:

*Sancian Island
December 1, 1941*

"Getting back here from Hong Kong was a job. When I finally found a boat, I took a big stock of badly needed medicine with me, but lost all when the Chinese blockade runner on which I was a passenger was captured. It was attacked by two gunboats, and, when the Chinese boat was run down after a half-hour's steady machine gun and cannon fire, I thought the show was ended and took to the sea.

"But it seems that the fellows on the blockade runner had hand grenades with which they upset the attackers, and thus were able to beach their boat and make their escape. It took me a six-hour swim before I landed on a desolate island. On the third day I was rescued by some Chinese, who hid me until we could get a sampan that ran me home to the leper asylum. It seems a miracle to be alive."

Made in Manila

A STRANGER in this metropolis of the Philippine Islands will, before he's here very long, come across the mysterious initials, *N. E. P. A.* Used as a word, *Nepa* is a byword, a catchword, a national lifeline! It may be a towel, a bathrobe or a linen suit; it may be pastry or a Panama hat; it may be pina cloth or cloth of another make, depending on whether the fibers are from the pineapple or the banana stalk; it may be a rubber or a leather shoe; it may even be life insurance. But it has to be a native product, a locally made product.

Actually *Nepa* is something or anything manufactured by the National Economic Protective Association, a society founded in the Philippines to encourage the production and use of native resources and labor—a necessity that has arisen with the slow-rising sun of independence.

To learn of *Nepa*, one must visit the Philippines; more particularly, one must come to a Filipino fiesta. Essentially the fiesta is a religious revival; individually, it is

also a chance to display one's latest gown. In the evening, when the procession to the patronal saint is over and the program calls for native dances and singing, the real fiesta takes place. Few sights are more graceful, more colorful, than a group of Filipinos and Filipinas dressed in native costumes, going through the measures of a native dance. The dance may depict the planting and harvesting of the rice, or some other daily event. The participants are the heroes and heroines of the rice field or the dishpan. But all are glorified.

The heroes are clad in varicolored shirts of Chinese silk, handsomely embroidered with pictures of a nipa shack, crossed flags, or flowers. The shirt is not cramped and stuck



By REV. J.

RUSSELL HUGHES

into the trousers, but allowed to hang naturally. A discordant note to the gay camisa might be the white duck trousers, were they not relieved by a colorful shoe or slipper called the *shinela*.

The heroine has to be seen to be appreciated. From the high-heeled slipper with its filigree of small beads, up to the artfully woven flowers in the hair, there is grace, elegance, majesty and beauty. Much has been written of the silk-gowned Chinese lady, stories have been used to express the sight of a Japanese woman's kimono and large obi, but words fail

to give the true picture of a Filipina beauty: the black hair, usually pulled back tight, braided and wound around the head like a coronet, with a few yellowish petals relieving the solid black mass; clear, brown skin relieved by sparkling eyes and natural-colored lips; the throat bearing one string of gold chain upon which hangs a simple cross.

The typical Filipina gown is of two parts. The top, of stiff cloth heavily embroidered by hand in different-colored flowers or symbols, consists of a large collar which sets off the head attractively, and which rests upon a waist with wide, flat sleeves. The sleeves are similar to the "leg o'mutton" sleeve but have been pressed flat. The lower part of the gown is usually a silk skirt, covering the ankles and ending in a three-foot train that is carried on the arm. Sometimes a plaid over-garment is wound around the dress to protect it and lend further color.

This is *Nepa* as it is in real life but, unfortunately, it loses much of its beauty when exhibited in foreign lands.

WRITE IN THE SANDS OF TIME

(Continued from page 8) ways thus. Only here and there, to God's missionaries on earth, comes the vision of Truth; and life, like a puzzle, falls into place; and first things come *first*, and secondary things, *second*.

It seems as though my life's work was born for me at that fireplace, face to face with Death. It was then that I saw the whole pattern of lay missionary life—the apostolate of the laity.

Friends, do not pity me! Instead, help me to thank God for His goodness to one so weak, so unworthy, and so sinful. For to me has He given His choicest gifts: pain, tears, blood, and sacrifice; *the cross*. Yes, today it is all so clear. For reasons of His very own, Christ stooped to my littleness and unworthiness and wrote for me in the sands of time the ABC's of the spiritual life.



A Filipina miss in native costume

THE HOLY FATHER'S MISSION INTENTION FOR
MARCH

Native clergy in India, Burma, and Ceylon

Books and the Missions

WHEN you were a child, picking out a book in the library, did you flip through the pages to be sure there was a lot of conversation? Few grown-up children will admit that they still put books to that test before settling down with one for a pleasant evening, but many of us do it. Father E. I. Edwards, S.V.D., has written a book about a missionary in the Philippines—*Thy People, My People* (Bruce, \$2)—which will stand the test. There isn't a dull paragraph in the whole book; each chapter is lively with conversation. Father Edwards gives an excellent picture of mission life, packed with interesting characters and thrilling experiences—thrilling for us to read about, but "killing" for the missionary who had to live them. We can voice only one criticism (and that in a very, very small voice): Father Courtney's communings with the Master Missioner are too sacred, too personal, to appear in print. This reviewer skipped them. The story is very convincing, and we feel, therefore, that the reaction is natural: we all fear to tread too close when God is near. This is an excellent book which will give readers much pleasure.

A tale of pathos, powerful, moving, tremendous in its implications, beautifully and simply told—that is *Royal Road* (Sheed and Ward, \$1.75), written by Arthur Kuhl, and we are told that it is his first novel! We hope that Mr. Kuhl gives us more of this kind of fiction. *Royal Road* is the story of a young Catholic Negro, in whom we may see the whole Negro race in America, and, even more clearly, the Mystical Body of Christ. We have read novels by the great masters of literature which were, indeed, longer and more complicated as to plot, but few which were more gripping as tales and none which carried a greater lesson. We should like to see every Catholic—and every non-Catholic—in the country read this book, and then ask himself the question: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Black Martyrs, by J. P. Thoonen (Sheed, \$4), gives us at last in English the story of the African martyrs—martyred in Uganda, 1885-1887. Father Thoonen, who is a Mill Hill missionary and knows Uganda from his

own experience, has done a very thorough job on this history. He not only tells the story of the martyrs, but also gives a picture of the Bagandas' culture, of their worship, and of their clan life, and treats all of it from a missiological point of view. This book was printed in England, and because of wartime conditions the general format does not reach Sheed and Ward standards. But the work is important enough in itself not to need trimmings to bait serious readers.

A secular periodical calls Theodore Maynard's *The Story of American Catholicism* (Macmillan, \$3.50) "the most controversial religious book of the year," and adds that it is the first full-length popular history of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. It is a book of apologetics in the technical sense of that term; that is, it is a defense of Catholicism. Mr. Maynard is polemic—not "apologetic" or negative. Frankly, we are interested in this book from our own viewpoint as missionaries. We would fain view the whole history of American Catholicism as a tale of first passive, and then active, mission work. We were pleased to find that theme worked out in Daniel Sargent's *Our Land and Our Lady* (Longmans, \$2.50), but we fail to find it so clearly emphasized in Maynard's book. This is regrettable because the author, born in India and himself a convert, is admirably fitted for such a task. The history of the passive side of mission work in the United States is certainly to be found in the work, but our mission endeavor to build a greater Church is dismissed with a paragraph and a statistical footnote. Yet, Mr. Maynard has a worldwide view, and we feel that on the whole he has acquitted himself well in *The Story of American Catholicism*.

Maryknoll Mission Letters (Field Afar Press, 50 cents), pictured above, is being received enthusiastically. Readers report that they can't stop, once they dip into it.

All the books mentioned on this page may be purchased through Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll P. O., New York. Write for our complete book list.





ON CHOPPING DOWN CHERRY *Trees*

A WASHINGTON daily carried the above photograph shortly after the outbreak of the war. In the foreground is one of the long line of Japanese cherry trees which for a generation have given such charm to this section of the national Capital. During the night some of the trees were sawed off, by individuals who sought thus to express their indignation toward Japan. Of their act the newspaper says:

"We hope the stupid and misguided fool who committed this vandalism will realize from this picture how he has marred one of the Capital's beauty spots. Perhaps the poignant etching of this broken tree against the Jefferson Memorial will be the most powerful reminder possible to all hysterical witch hunters that we are fighting the Japanese military—not the Japanese cherry trees,

or anything else of beauty and culture that that nation, in a happier mood, may have given to the world."

Sound advice, this! It reminded us of an editorial which we had received some days previously:

"Shall a nation's culture—its art—be cut out of all polite converse because its Government has committed it to a war policy that its people regret equally with our own? World culture will be the loser. And what of the souls of these people? Christ died for them, and their beauty can be measured only in eternity. We have left our missionaries among them—to prove to them and to the world that we will give our lives to win their souls. All of us can do something: we can preserve the charity of the Mystical Body of Christ in the bond of the spirit—even while the bond of friendly intercourse is broken."

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

OPPORTUNITIES

STAMP OUT CHOLERA in one South China mission by supplying the dispensary in Kweilin with \$5 worth of serum.

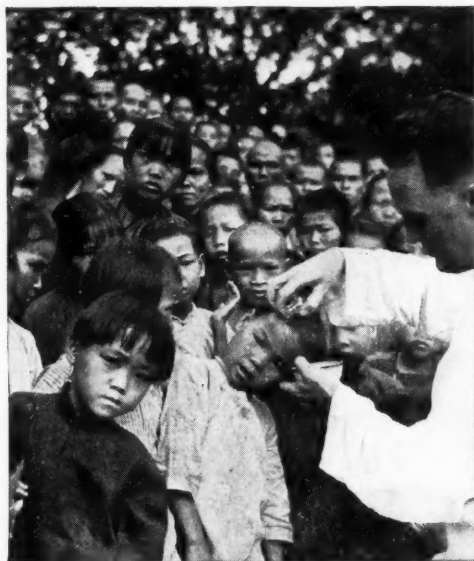
ALMOST ALL THE BOOKS in our lending library have been taken out," writes the Kaying pastor,—"over 57 volumes in 2 weeks. More are needed. \$10 would enable us to replenish our supply."

OLD NEWSPAPERS have been used for binding lepers' wounds in Ngai Moon, Kongmoon, because bandages could not be had. \$5 would help provide some. See page 28.

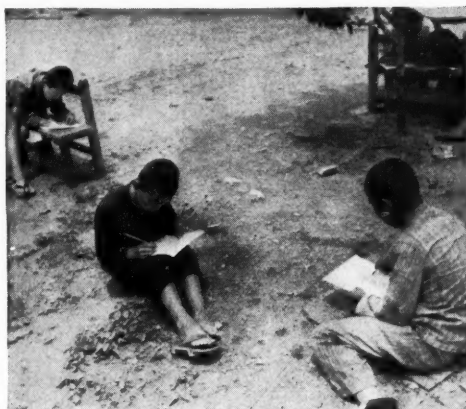
SPREAD THE FAITH!

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to supply one desk for a classroom in Kweilin? \$2 apiece and only 60 are needed.

NO RESIDENT PRIESTS in 189 stations in Wuchow Vicariate. These districts are covered by 116 catechists each of whom must be paid \$15 monthly. Can you help?



HUNDREDS OF SUCH CHILDREN in China have been made heirs of heaven through the generosity of American Catholics. Wuchow has 50 boys studying for the priesthood. \$15 is needed monthly to support each.



THIS IS ALL RIGHT on sunny days, but how about the rainy season? Ten gifts of \$200 each would build the much-needed school for Korean children in the Heijo Vicariate.

FIVE PENNIES A DAY for one year would keep a Fushun orphan clothed and fed for six months.

A PING PONG TOURNAMENT held after doctrine classes in Kaying, brought men who stayed to hear the catechist expound the doctrine. \$15 would enable us to increase such recreational centers.

S. O. S.

WANTED: LITTLE RED RIDING HOODS to save our grandmothers in Heijo by keeping the wolf away from the door. \$5 feeds a grandma for one month. P. S. We have grandfathers too!

WHEN YOU ARE WARM AND COZY, remember that winter fuel in cold Manchuria is \$25 per month, and that there are some 82 stoves to be kept going!

FOR THE LAND'S SAKE! Two gifts of \$1,000 each would buy land at Tai Pat and Dosing (Kongmoon), on which to build church and rectory.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING—at some 80 altars in the homeland where hundreds of Masses are being offered. \$10 will take care of the hosts; \$20, the altar wine for one altar for a year.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O. N.Y.



BLOW *Bugle* BLOW

Bugles sound out clarion calls inviting some to the service of their country, some to the aid of suffering humanity, and some to spread lies, deceit, horrors. How few hear the bugle call to enter the ranks of Christ and give themselves for the salvation of souls where the need is greatest! The young men of our country who became

Soldiers of Christ must continue, through suffering—even through death, if need be—to carry the torch of Christ to unredeemed souls. Christ's army needs recruits. Does such a vocation appeal to you? Read the article on page 5, and coupon, page 11.

